

The Merry Songsters.

There's ne'er a thriving trader,
that daily cheats the town,
But Belzebub his leader
has mark'd him for his own.

Whilst the merry, merry Songsters
they only soar above,
For none a crime can fix on them,
unless to lie and love.

When first the reverend preacher,
who decently pals'd by,
Says a true religious teacher
should Belzebub defy,

As for the clerk and sexton,
who vilely rob the dead:
The devil will have share of them,
as sure as bread is bread.

The merchant turn'd stock-jobber
has next a place to these,
For turning publick robber,
and plundering on the seas.

The banker for purloining
will give the devil his due;
For clipping and for coining,
if all that's said be true.

Nor can the cunning lawyer
atone for forging sin.
But soon in hell old Satan will
make parchment of his skin.

Large shoals of poyson-venders
lewd vintners there will come.
And throngs of warehouse tenders,
who cheat by Yard-and-thumb.

The tapster from the cellar,
who fills his pot with froth,
And the nimble-finger'd taylor,
who steals away your cloth.

The brewer and the baker
will there each one abuse:
And Crispin the shoemaker
bewails his rotten Shoes.

And the Poulterer will lie there
for stinking duck and teal.
And the butcher will fry there
for blowing up his veal.

As for the Presbyterians,
they are for ever curs'd,
All for their bloody actions
in murdering Charles the first.

They'll go to Hell directly;
and the devil will them pay,
He'll stew their bones in gally pots;
and stuff their skins with hay.

As for old Oliver Cromwell,
he went to hell for ease:
With a great parcel of whigs,
who next to them went there,
His elders went to see them,
the devil hawl'd them in,
And flogg'd 'em ninety times a day,
for murdering Charles their king.

As for those strolling players,
that run from place to place,
With very little money,
and full as little grace.

Old Belzebub their master,
won't let them Scot-free go.
He'll make them set their parts again
on his dark stage below.

As for those Perukemakers,
They are a cursed cheating crew,
They lie as fast as Quakers,
and sell old hair for new.

Old Belzebub in hell
when once he gets them there,
Will bake, and roast them,
as they are done their hair.